



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

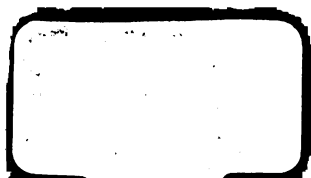
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600085202N



1000



OLDEN MEMORIES.

OLDEN MEMORIES

SONGS AND POEMS

BY

WILLIAM MALING WYNCH

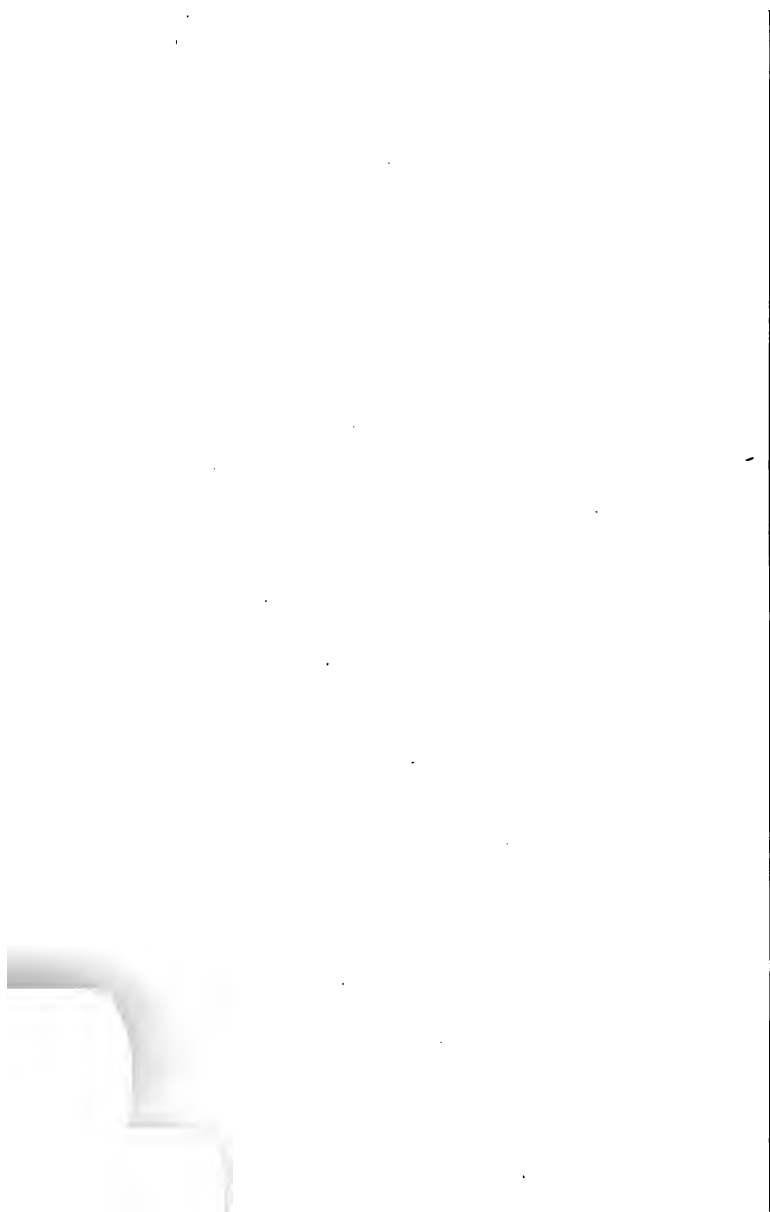


BEDFORD: F. HOCKLIFFE

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO.

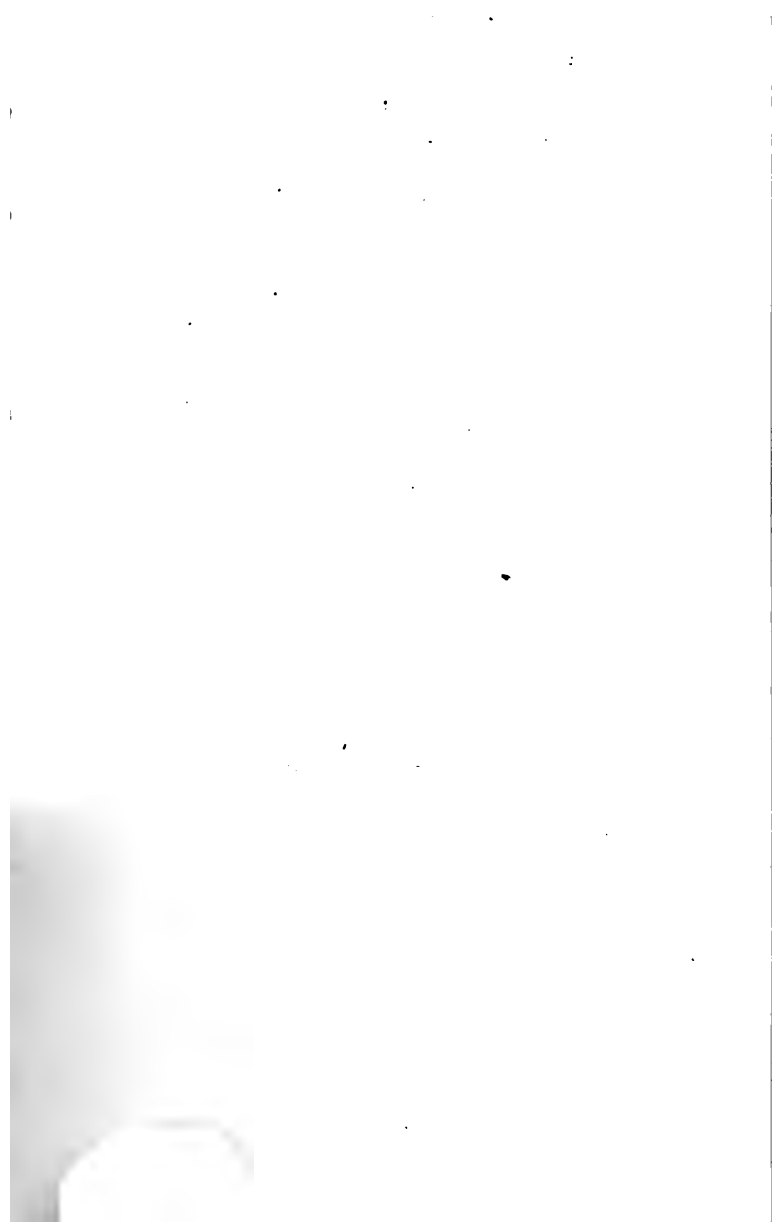
1879

280. 0. 326.



TO YOU,
MY DEAR MOTHER,
THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
OF TRUE AND LASTING LOVE.

Bedford, May, 1879.



P R E F A C E .

The following short poems for the most part tell their own story, and therefore Preface is scarcely necessary. Amongst them are several songs which I hope at some future time to publish separately set to music.

Bedford, May, 1879.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Olden Memories	I
Consolation	6
Death in Absence	9
True Love	11
A Reverie	15
Taken Back	18
Folly	28
A Sigh	30
A Remembrance of Gethsemane	33
Once More	45
The Three Veils	49
A Reflection	51
Ambition	53
Cobwebs	55
Two Lives	60
Submission	65
Now or Never	70
The Drift of Memory	72
Ceelo in Quies	74
A Comparison	76
In God's Acre	80
But Awhile	86
Wounded	88

	PAGE
The War Cloud	91
My Mother's Birthday	96
Faith	99
The Silver Cloud	101
Cruel Words	104
Declining Years	106
Forewarned ; or, the Poacher's Vision	109
The Broken Link	114
Only	120
The Sailor's Song	123
The Housekeeper's Story	125
The Spirit Bride	131
Was it a Ghost ?	133
The Launch of the Lifeboat " Albert Edward "	142
Song	147
The Last Song	150
Hymns on the Closing Year	152
December	156
Christmas, 1878	160
Parting	163
Weariness	166
Tired	169
Baden-Baden	172
Gossip	176
To my Children	180

	PAGE
The War Cloud	91
My Mother's Birthday	96
Faith	99
The Silver Cloud	101
Cruel Words	104
Declining Years	106
Forewarned ; or, the Poacher's Vision	109
The Broken Link	114
Only	120
The Sailor's Song	123
The Housekeeper's Story	125
The Spirit Bride	131
Was it a Ghost ?	133
The Launch of the Lifeboat " Albert Edward "	142
Song	147
The Last Song	150
Hymns on the Closing Year	152
December	156
Christmas, 1878	160
Parting	163
Weariness	16
Tired	1
Baden-Baden	
Gossip	
To my Children	

5.

5.

ings
of old,
ren
ght in gold.
remembered,
ceived,
thoughtlessly,
e'er believed !

We have all in childhood written

On our copy sheets at school,

To "take time by the forelock"

Is for aye a golden rule.

But ah! perhaps long forgotten,

Or unheeded since those years ;

And days and hours idly spent

Have brought deserved tears.

"To take time by the forelock"

Needs a strong and iron will ;

Men all are prone to idleness

Or travelling down hill.

I feel I'm no exception,

But look back upon the past

With many pangs of keen regret,

Which e'en through life will last.

And as time passes onwards,
My daily path must be
A dreary scorching desert
Of deep sorrow unto me.
Each hour my lonely spirit
Shrinks in me more and more,
Wistful longing always present
For a quiet restful shore.

I am tired of constant waiting,
All I do seems but in vain ;
Work as I will there's no result
Beyond more frequent pain.
Crushed hope and disappointment
Are the fruits of all I've done ;
Whilst crowds of idle men I see
Successful one by one.

I feel I'm growing reckless,
And all interest fadeth now
From occupations once so loved
In bygone long ago.
Friends are scattered o'er the earth,
Few left that e'en are true ;
The sounds of merry-hearted youth
Have long bade me adieu.

Yet I must not be complaining,
And sadden other lives ;
There is always some good to be done
By him who really strives.
So, whilst I've strength to use my pen,
" Old memories," once more,
Will rise again, of happy days
Passed in the times of yore.

It will be a heartfelt pleasure
If some day I chance to hear,
The lines that this small book contains
Become to memory dear.
Should but one kindred spirit find
His own thoughts are explained,
The object I have kept in view
Will then indeed be gained.

CONSOLATION.

I ne'er believe, though breath be gone
From those beloved, we're left alone
 To mourn our loss in tears.
The spirit came unseen at birth,
Unseen it yet may visit earth,
 And watch through life-long years.

Each night, as sleep comes back again,
Strange visions quickly fill my brain,
 And well-known forms appear ;
Those best beloved, pass'd away,
To whom my thoughts so often stray,
 I feel are standing near.

They do not seem to older grow,
But look as when they lived below
In all their vigorous power.
And words prove true which some have said,
“We hold communion with the dead
In many a sleeping hour.”

’Tis strange we never seem to fly
Where loving spirits dwell on high ;
To us, alone, they come.
The gulf between cannot be pass’d
By mortal man : the gates are fast
Of that mysterious home.

Men must not seek where ’tis forbidden,
Our God knows what had best be hidden
Of all his wondrous ways.
And, though we to the future look,
Yet after-life’s a sealèd book
Not meant for our gaze.

Still, may not dreams, if they are dreams,
Be lights that stray from heavenly gleams,
To guide us here below.
If those departed influence have
O'er us, ere we too reach the grave,
We cannot surely know.

Perhaps, when we bid the last good-bye
To one beloved, with heartfelt sigh,
Some latent hope remains,
That, though on earth we're forced to sever,
Our parting will not be for ever ;
Then, strength the heart regains.

Oh ! blissful joy, if this should be,
And we once more our loved ones see,
To give us heavenly greeting,
No longer shall we count the cost
Of earthly sorrows, all are lost
In such a glorious meeting.

DEATH IN ABSENCE.

We yearned once more to see thy face
And kiss thy gentle brow,
But life-long cares no more can trace
Their lines upon it now.

A tenderer hand than ours has led
Thee to a safer home ;
'Tis but in name that thou art dead,
To wait until we come.

And all that most thou loved'st here
Will doubly sacred be,
Those left with us shall be as dear
As they were dear to thee.

Though none can ever take thy place
Or do as thou hast done,
E'en when they miss thy dear loved face,
They shall not feel alone.

We'll strive by heavenly help and strength
To lead them on life's road,
And give all back some day at length
To thy dear self and God.

TRUE LOVE.

Man values not his hours of rest
 Whilst smooth the path he winds each day ;
If every turn of life is blest,
 He heedeth not the rugged way.

The heart which ne'er is made to bleed
 Knows not true sympathy in grief ;
One that has suffered pain indeed
 Can best give comfort and relief.

The well-spring of our earthly love
 Is valued most when nearly dry,
Each day its lessening waters prove
 How great will thirst be by-and-bye.

But time must come, when, sought in vain,
The crystal stream no longer flows ;
When, unrefreshed by gentle rain,
'Tis choked by weed that quickly grows.

Oh ! hard indeed, 'tis then to find
A fresh supply to take its place ;
No rivulet is left behind
To bound along in silv'ry grace.

Love is the crystal fount all seek,
The same sweet story oft retold ;
The young, the aged, and the weak,
All strive to live within its fold.

I speak not of that earthly love,
Which scarce deserves the sacred name,
But one that doth undying prove,
And, blameless, lives e'er free from blame.

Not of the love young spirits feel
 When first beneath its magic spell ;
But of the love Time doth reveal,
 When lips must say the last farewell.

Of that deep, tender, power of love,
 Known perhaps by all once during life,
So firm, Time cannot change or move,
 A thing apart from worldly strife.

A love that lives long after death,
 Long after all is hushed and still,
Where once each quick and joyous breath
 Seemed with fresh love the heart to fill.

A love that holds remembrance dear,
 Unspoken, yet which cannot break ;
A love that seems almost to hear
 What lips, now cold, may never speak.

A love that all past good relates,
And leaves the evil deeds alone ;
A love that cruel slander hates,
And makes pure truth for aye his own.

If thou canst search thy heart and say,—
“ All this I’ve felt and daily proved,”
E’en thou shalt be my guide alway,
For thou indeed hast surely loved.



A REVERIE.

Down by the ever deep blue sea
In silent grief I sadly roam,
Where constant tender thoughts may be
Of youthful happy days at home.
They rush across my weary brain
In quick confused succession now ;
Once more I seem to live again
The joyous days of long ago.
Down by the ever deep blue sea,
Down by the lonely, sad, sad, sea.

Time on its reckless outstretched wings
Has ta'en for aye unheeded flight,
Yet loving memory often sings
Of days now changed to endless night.

Ah ! could I have in mercy seen
What future darkened years would show,
My life had far far different been
In former days fled long ago.
Down by the ever deep blue sea,
Down by the sweet and lonely sea.
Down by the ever treacherous sea
How many a piteous sorrow lies,
For ever after doomed to be
Amongst its hidden mysteries.
When earth's vain heartless griefs are o'er, .
And all from worldly care set free,
Then shall I weep again no more
Down by the reckless deep blue sea.
Down by the ever changeful sea
My last long rest I'd gladly seek,
When that time comes, alas ! for me,
No more to sing, or smile, or speak.

The murmur from yon crested wave
My holiest requiem e'er should be,
Breathed softly o'er my lonely grave
Down by the deep and wondrous sea.
Down by the restless surging sea.

Down by the grand eternal sea
The swelling tides roll calmly on,
Their ceaseless towering majesty
In awful grandeur reigns alone.
Man has but feeble wasting power,
Whate'er his present strength may be,
When comes the last dark fleeting hour
Down by the wide eternal sea,
Down by the great eternal sea.

TAKEN BACK.

The charm of travel rarely clings
To manhood after youthful prime ;
But when long years have taken wings,
He looks back on its happy time.

Alas ! the world no longer seems
A wondrous theatre of bliss,
And we awake from dazzling dreams,
To find how real and cold it is.

The gold and tinsel quickly fade,
Romance gives place to earnest thought ;
Bright sunshine turns to deepest shade,
And gloomy visions come unsought.

Perhaps, daily, as we've journeyed on,
Our pencil may have been in hand,
To note the things both seen and done
In this and many a distant land.

Muse on this verse, all ye who read,
And keep a journal while ye may ;
No matter where thy footsteps lead,
'Twill be of use some future day.

For none can know his actual life
Unless he search his inmost soul,
And arm himself for daily strife
With that true weapon, self-control !

And when we read in writing plain
How each and every day has past,
The time so spent will not be vain
But bring its recompense at last.

All records kept from early youth
Give food for thought in after years ;
But such should e'en be writ in truth,
Nor speak of joys without their tears.

No other eyes but thine should see
Words that are from the inmost heart ;
A true confessional must be
From worldly vision held apart.

Yes, even when thy spirit's gone,
And loving lips pronounce thee dead,
Still, sacred to thyself alone,
Their leaves should perish, all unread.

The truest life must lose some charm
If all its ways to men are known ;
Such knowledge may be fraught with harm,
And scatter seeds, far best unsown.

Few really know themselves, but think
Such wisdom is not hard to gain,
From that stern task they daily shrink,
Till warned by death's approaching pain.

Ah ! then how dark the past appears,
Scarce any deeds will bear the light :
No wonder now at cruel fears,
And glimpses of eternal night.

Too late ! oh, fearful words ! Too late !
No battle fought, no victory won ;
No hand to guide us through the gate,
Its portals must be passed alone !

Then, who shall hear his life retold,
Without deep sense of shame and dread,
When God's own journal must unfold
The secrets of the holy dead ?

Whilst every word long since forgot
In different meaning will arise,
All warnings that we heeded not
Rush swiftly through our memories.

In stern array past faults shall stand,
Ungilded by excuses frail,
And form an overwhelming band,
O'er which God only can prevail.

So, if life's journal we would keep,
That in oft reading brings no shame,
Nor makes fond eyes we love, to weep,
Our lives should all be free from blame.

Long years ago, in Eastern climes,
Whilst sailing up the glorious Nile,
I used to land on shore at times
To view some wondrous ruined pile.

Where "Thebes" in solemn grandeur lies,
Or "Baâlbac" rears its massive walls,
Where "Karnac's" pillars Time defies,
And Egypt's kingly line recalls.

Where solemn thoughts must fill the brain,
And make man feel how frail he is ;
That mightiest labour all is vain,
And ends in ruin, e'en like this.

Where is the regal grandeur now ?
The golden feasts, the heathen power
That crushed each slave, whose aching brow
Scarce rested at the evening hour ?

Where are the beauteous forms that swayed,
With graceful movements, to and fro,
In finest textured robes arrayed,
That shone like unto drifted snow ?

Are they not crumbled into dust ?

The pomp, the glory, all are gone ;
The moth has fed, the gold is rust,
And yet, the Temple stands alone.

Nile life is one long summer day,

Scarce e'en a cloud drifts o'er its skies,
Time, scarcely heeded, glides away
In golden sunset and sunrise.

Strange may it seem, but still 'tis true,

In that soft clime Death stays his hand,
And human ills are hid from view
Far more than in our own fair land.

But yet the Conqueror comes at last,

His presence ne'er can be denied ;
The arm is raised, the arrow cast,
And Nature then is satisfied.

* * * * *

* * * * *

It happened, at the close of day,
An Arab held my bridle-rein,
Whilst by the river-side I lay,
And watched his thoughtful solemn mien.

My knowledge of his native speech
Was scarce enough for converse clear ;
But they are scholars apt to teach,
And have a quick and truthful ear.

So when we learned to understand
The sense of words to one another,
I asked him of his native land,
And next, if e'er he had a brother.

“ Oh ! yes ! ” he said, “ God good to me,
Three brothers, all have much of pain ;
One, long time I never see,
For God He take him back again.”

Long years have passed since then away,
And with them many scenes of joy ;
But, e'en as if 'twere yesterday,
Methinks I hear that Arab boy.

Untaught, yet holding simple faith,
The child might well instructor be,
And perhaps replace all fear of death
By sure hope of eternity.

When 'midst the busy world we 're thrown,
And its temptations oft beguile,
Remember, Life is not our own,
But only lent us for awhile. ‘

Oh ! Death would lose its sharpest sting
For those who sigh and mourn in vain,
If that sweet thought alone did cling,
“ Not dead,” but “ taken back again.”

The stricken heart that seeketh rest,
From Him who certain comfort gives,
Would fold the hands across his breast,
And murmur softly, “ Still he lives ! ”

FOLLY.

There are debts in this world we all have to pay,

Besides that of nature, which comes at the last ;

And the longer man puts off the ill-omened day,

More cruelly tight do the bonds hold him fast.

Oh, Youth ! are thy charms but temptations to kill

Every sense of sweet rest, when approaches old
age ?

Must there e'en be presented that fearful long bill,

With a ghostly sum total at foot of the page ?

Ghostly 'tis not ; but a form all too real,

With such blue veins in lines standing out on its
face ;

The figure most certainly is not ideal,

There's a substantiality easy to trace.

When an infant is born, must folly have power
Henceforth to embitter and injure his life ?
Must he e'en be obliged, at his first living hour,
To take for his partner the spirit of strife ?

Ah, Folly ! thou hast many friends off and on,
Yet I doubt if thy name is e'er welcome in death ;
Men e'en fret and grieve at the days that are gone,
And thou art accurs'd with each faltering breath.

Without thy false wooing, thy fool's cap and bells,
We should, perhaps, all remain worthy honour and
praise ;
As it is, thy acquaintance too surely foretells
Remorse must attend on our silver-haired days.

A SIGH.

One summer morn, in long past years,
When smiles came oftener than tears,

Heigho !

A youth and maid together found
That Cupid's dart will often wound,

Heigho !

For that naughty boy 'neath a shady tree,
As if by chance, lay down in glee,

Heigho !

And, like the proverb that's so well known,
He killed two birds with but one stone,

Heigho !

And there came then a kiss and gentle sighs,
With tears, not of grief, from loving eyes,

Heigho !

And the hearts that were two, ere day was done,
Were knit together, as if but one,

Heigho !

I saw them then, and I see her now ;
But grief has wrinkled that fair young brow,

Heigho !

And she walks alone through her weary life,
None now to caress that loving wife,

Heigho !

Only a few short steps away,
Where her young feet so often stray,

Heigho !

Lies all that is left of him she loved,
And the whole world to her had proved,

Heigho !

Yet there stands by her side a bright-eyed boy,
With a look like the one that first brought her joy,

Heigho !

And the wish but to die becomes the less,
Still there is something her life to bless,

Heigho !

The boy may grow up like the dear one gone,
And perhaps in some tender way atone,

Heigho !

For the loss of him she loved so well,
With a love too deep for words to tell,

Heigho !

Oh ! may God's peace, that all can find,
Sooth her now sad and troubled mind,

Heigho !

And, when at last her course is run,
The two hearts again become as one,

Heigho !

A REMEMBRANCE OF GETHSEMANE,

VISITED MARCH, 1858.

Lord ! wearied with life's heavy care,
Too great almost for Thee to bear,
 Thou did'st scarce sigh ;
When fresh green buds just bursting here
Proclaimed that sweet spring time was near,
 But Thou to die.

Free for brief space from cruel foes,
Thy chosen twelve to share thy woes,
 Though one untrue ;
He, who had shared the solemn rite
In memory of Thyself, that night
 Yet sinned anew.

34 A REMEMBRANCE OF GETHSEMANE.

Judas with treacherous heart his king betrayed
To those fierce foes who in the garden strayed,
In search of Thee.

Hail Master ! Thus his cruel greeting,
A kiss of insult e'en the sign of meeting
In Gethsemane.

I scarce believe that I am standing by
The self-same trees that saw His agony,
And blood-like sweat ;
Could but a voice arise from them and tell
All that he suffered, worse than pains in hell,
With patience great !

There, within hail, the well-loved city lies,
Its massive walls, that rang with fiend-like cries,
Remain as then ;
But ah, how changed within ! no longer blest ;
Too oft the scene of bloodshed and unrest
From treacherous men.

The Holy Sepulchre must still exist,
But where the true site is remains in mist ;
 Though men have sought
To find the spot, and said they did succeed,
As oft in books to this day may'st thou read :
 Of proof there's nought.

Yet none can stand to gaze around, unmoved,
On holy ground by God and Saviour loved
 In long past years.
The glittering Jordan flows the same as then,
Scarce even changed the race of wandering men,
 Who sow in tears.

Though prosperous even still, the Chosen race
That treacherous sting can never quite efface
 From memory.
The purple robe, the twisted crown of thorn,
On that dark day in awful silence worn,
 Will never die.

'Tis vain to weep before the silent stones,
To beat the breast and utter useless moans—

This comes too late.

But retribution has long since had sway,
And in great measure wiped guilt stains away
From bygone hate.

The Jewish nation, through our Saviour's loss,
Has had, like Him, to bear a heavy cross,

And suffer pain ;

But firm conviction of their former crime
Has brought relief to many since that time,
With much of gain.

Ungenerous 'twere to dwell upon the past,
For sins repented pardon gain at last

From Heaven's throne.

E'en none are perfect in this world of woe,
Vile nature reigns in force o'er us below,
And rules alone.

Can we not picture the vast judgment hall,
The armed men attending within call,

 Around the fire ?

Can we not hear the base denial given,
When sullen looks were on St. Peter riven,
 In savage ire ?

How terrible the calm and steadfast eye,
Which called to mind that recent prophecy,
 In awful power :

“ I tell thee, Peter, ere the cock crow twice,
Before these men shalt thou deny me thrice
 Within one hour.”

No knell of death could sound in tones more clear
Than that shrill clarion rung in Peter's ear,
 As now he crept

Away from all, where none could mark his grief,
In tears to seek forgiveness and relief,
 Alone he wept.

Heartbroken, he who'd sworn to die,

And share alike his Master's misery

Unto the end ;

But when the trial came, how weak he proved,

What base return to Him he really loved,

His truest friend !

Behold his Lord ! bending beneath the cross !

How can he look, and live, without remorse,

Or rest again ?

'Tis well he followed from afar to see

The closing scene of this dark history

And cruel pain.

Bruisèd and faint the Son of God sinks down,

Long ere they leave the narrow-streeted town,

By the steep road ;

The burden seemed too great for Him to bear,

So, one who pass'd they e'en compelled to share

That crushing load.

And not alone was Jesus called to die,
Two other crosses darkly loomed on Calvary.

With sullen frown.

Thus, He, whose life had been so free from blame,
In death was mingled with two sons of shame,
Sin all their own.

But mark their difference ! one, with mocking cry,
Bade Him come down to save His misery,

And stay its tide ;

The other, in rebuke, stern answer gave,
And said, " Not so, for we deserve the grave,
Our crimes to hide.

" But this man hath not sinned, or been to blame,
He ne'er hath lived, like us, a life of shame,
Or done amiss.

We for our deeds do justly suffer here,
Oh ! would that now our conscience were as clear
As His ! "

With loving look our Saviour turned His head,
And to the sorrowing thief thus answered,

In gentle voice :—

“ Ere this day closes, thou and I shall be
In Paradise, and God’s glory see,
So e’en rejoice.”

At the sixth hour a solemn darkness fell,
Casting deep gloom around unspeakable,

Men crouched in fear.

Then, as the ninth approached, a fearful cry
Rent the foul blackness to ascend on high,
That God might hear.

“ My Father ! why hast thou forsaken me ? ”

Burst from the Saviour’s lips in agony,

As e’en life fled.

His sufferings over, all His triumph gained,
He’d conquered death, and glory now obtained,
To reign instead.

In solemn awe His persecutors stand,
Convulsive earthquakes shook the very land,
Rocks rent in twain.
Graves opened, and the sleeping saints arose,
Awakened by such deeds from their repose,
And walked again.

One who believed then unto Pilate came
From Arimathea, Joseph known by name,
And made request
That he might claim the sacred body, dead,
And place it in a tomb just newly made,
For holy rest.

Then from the cross he gently took it down,
No other hands e'en swathed it but his own,
With tender care.
In peace 'twas left, no thought of coming harm,
Or dread suspicion, causèd him alarm,
For safety there.

Strict watch was kept, but yet no tomb could hold
The Son of God, who his own fate foretold

From first to last.

Back to that form of clay the spirit came,
And He arose in looks and voice the same—

Death's terrors past.

Nigh to the grave, mourning that dismal scene,
Sat Mary, mother of James, and Mary Magdalene,

In silent woe.

Pilate had sent his guard its stone to seal,
That any movement might the grave reveal

And treachery show.

Now, when the Sabbath closed, at break of day
An angel came, who rolled the stone away,

And rested there.

His face like lightning, and his raiment white,
The keepers trembled at this holy sight,

Convulsed with fear.

The angel turned, and to the women spake :

“ Fear not,” he said ; “ ye come for Jesus’ sake,

Look where He lay,

But now is risen ; if Himself ye’d see,

Follow His footsteps on to Galilee,

And go your way.

As they departed, full of joy and fear,

Lo ! to their trembling sight our Lord drew near,

Who cried, “ All Hail ! ”

Down at His feet they knelt and bowed the head,

No need to doubt His rising from the dead,

’Twould not avail.

E’en there He stood, to life and strength restored,

He, whom they’d loved so well, their risen Lord,

And thus He spake :—

“ Go, tell my brethren, whom I long to see,

That I pass onwards into Galilee

For their own sake.”

Meanwhile, the watch unto the chief priest came,
They strove to prove that none were e'en to blame,
Who sure guard kept.

And said, "Say ye, His followers flocked by night,
They stole the body at the morning light,
Awhilst we slept."

Such things the Jews affirm unto this hour,
Placing no credence in our Saviour's power
As God's own Son.

They look for a Messiah, who shall reign on earth
In kingly glory, not of lowly birth,
And Him alone.

Thus were all works fulfilled from first to last,
Our Lord's career on earth in triumph past,
His sorrows o'er.

E'en in His Father's house He now doth stay,
Until He comes in glory at the Judgment Day
For evermore.

ONCE MORE.

Once more near the birds and the flowers,

Till now from the window but seen,

By the natural sweet leafy bowers

It is blessed to linger I ween.

There's a fragrance, in health all un-noted,

That sickness makes truly more dear,

A sense as if almost promoted

To where loving angels are near.

Though Autumn has tinted the oak-leaves,

Verbena and Heliotrope spread

Round each border, yet still their sweet scent breathes

Remembrance of Summer just fled.

The sun does not e'en scorch at noontide,
More gently falls every soft ray,
Dim shadows at eve 'cross the lawn glide
As the sun bids farewell to the day.

And I feel that the sweet breath of Heaven
No longer's denied unto me ;
But that still some enjoyment is given,
Though return to youth's days cannot be.

There is always some reason for praising
The mercy of God, and His love ;
For the heart that feels sad, He is raising
By sorrow to brightness above.

Life still has fond love 'midst its pleasures,
There are many dear ones round my hearth,
By these, the soul happiness measures,
For they are the true joys of earth.

They remain, when all else has departed,
And cling to their own parent vine ;
When I know them to be so true-hearted,
Can I say that no blessing is mine ?

Each day brings some proof of affection,
Some fresh thought of kindness and care,
Some sunshine that casts off dejection,
And helps me all suff'ring to bear.

If gloom fills my heart with deep sorrow
Amidst the dark hours of night,
It may be that the coming to-morrow
Will e'en bring an increase of light.

I will try to cast forth, e'en for ever,
Afflictions and ills of the past ;
For the ties on this earth that must sever
Will be joined once more at the last.

'Tis not farther, but nearer, we're gliding
To the loved that before us have gone ;
Hope points to where they are abiding,
Where again we shall all be as one.

For the sake of those dear that are living,
I would seek stronger health to regain,
As I feel all who suffer are giving
As well as enduring sad pain.

But the good that is present I'll cherish,
What's evil my God will allay ;
Let the past and its troubles all perish,
And my strength e'en suffice for the day.

THE THREE VEILS.

A slender veil from a baby face,

I watched thrown back o'er her sponsor's knee,
As sweetly she lay in unconscious grace.

Awaiting baptismal purity.

Years passed away, and again I stood,

Whilst in reverence she knelt at the altar rail ;
Clothed, but not now as in babyhood,
In a fair white robe and her second veil.

The hands of the Bishop were gently laid,

For aye to confirm her baptismal vow ;
That life might be pure as her robe I prayed,
And breathe the same prayer as I see her now.

Again she kneels ; but no more alone,
Her chosen husband is by her side,
With the blessing of God is she all his own,
And wears the veil of a fair young bride.

May those veils protect her all through life,
And keep the rude storms of earth away,
Her husband's love guide a loving wife,
With remembrances sweet of their wedding day.



A REFLECTION.

I have an old and valued friend,
Whose face has never changed with years ;
Upon his truth all may depend,
He's watched me long in smiles and tears.

When first we met I was a child,
Oft nestling on my mother's knee,
Full many a moment he beguiled
By mocking all my infant glee.

With outstretched arms I strove to meet
Those lips which never sought my own ;
And when I smiled, his look was sweet ;
Yet cross whene'er he traced a frown.

He differs from most human kind
In that he only has one face ;
And silently a fault doth find,
When bitter tongues would move apace.

He's typical in other ways,
Of every change in earthly life ;
A breath will dim his brightest rays,
As slanderous words soon wake to strife.

He is an artist, who has power,
To bring each perfect form to view,
And paints our good and evil hour
In colours that are justly true.

My friend can never be deceived,
He will not let deception pass ;
But must at all times be believed,
Because he is the Looking Glass.

AMBITION.

Hope dieth not within young hearts

Whilst yet one spark remains,

And most unwillingly departs,

If courage swells the veins.

The work begun at morn may fail,

And bring regret at eve,

Though useless sighs will not avail,

Nor tears lost time retrieve.

A firm resolve to try once more

Is better far than flight ;

No battle can be won till o'er,

Though desperate the fight.

For many a foe has turned and fled,

Who boldly struggling on,

The victory might have claimed instead,

And laurel wreaths have won.

Ah! thus it is with dreams of youth,
They flash across the brain,
And seem a living fire of truth,
But soon die out again.
For then the mind must needs despair,
Though hope be still its friend,
And Faith, that pearl of jewels rare,
Whose value ne'er can end.

Each life should have a goal in sight,
Though thorns bestrew the way,
And seek it whilst remains the light
Of youth's departing day.
None can expect to win a prize
Without heroic trial,
And sweetest are those victories
Well gained through self-denial.

COBWEBS.

Life is like a cobweb, spun so oft in vain,
No sooner is one thread complete, than it is broke
again ;

Ambition is the spider, we mortals silly flies,
Who climb the treacherous ladder where nought but
danger lies.

It looks brilliant in the sunshine, the web too
seemeth fair,

But the spider from his corner is always watching
near ;

He listens to the humming of his victims day by day,
And rests content, for well he knows they're his
whene'er he may.

He lets them sport and settle on the slender
tempting rope,

Outside the vortex, for a time, as men are led by
hope ;

Then the journey seems so pleasant, and full easy is
the road,

That they forsake the narrow path, to wander in the
broad.

They scarcely stop to ponder ; but, restless, journey
on,

Yet hope is disappointed, and still no prize is won.

Again, the way is difficult, the footsteps falter now,

And get more and more entangled as farther on
they go.

But the spider, ready lies in wait,

He knows by cruel laws

Returning now is all too late,

So whets his hungry jaws !

The world is our spider, and temptation is the web,
And we the flies whose tide of life is ever on the ebb ;
We set sail in the morning o'er the light and joyous
wave,

But evil courses drag us down towards a cruel grave.

'Tis useless then to struggle, such efforts come too late ;
The battle should have been, ere we fled conquered
by fate ;

Though our paths be strewn with roses, remember
that beneath

Lies hidden that destroyer, grim inevitable Death.

Then avoid all crooked corners, look on them with
distrust,

And keep your path all cleanly swept and free from
social dust ;

Look out for human spiders, who are often crawling near,
To their soft subtle voices never lend a willing ear.

There are many open places, where the sky shines
clear and bright,
Where these crafty wicked spiders cannot find
delight,
Their webs lie on the dewy grass, but easily are seen,
So the flies, poor things, can walk awhile safely in
between.

'Tis in the shades of evening old Red Spinner comes
out,
And he darts upon his victims with a weird and
hideous shout.
Ah ! cobwebs, silken cobwebs ! e'en since the world
begun,
For us poor sinning mortals have ye been often
spun.

Will ye not spare us ever, but still remain and wind
Your evil toils like fetters around the heart and
mind ?

Do ye not ever feel remorse for all the harm ye've
done,

Or brood upon the consequence, when twisted up
alone ?

Will none be ever warned in time, before the day
draws nigh,

When shall come a repetition of "The Spider and
the Fly" ?

We all well know that nursery rhyme, to childhood
ever dear,

That left us hesitating 'twixt a smile or pearly tear.

Then, reader, if you feel yourself the spider or the fly,
Don't make or tempt the meshes that deceive so
cruelly ;

You may capture some old Bluebottle, but pray
believe me true,

If you can't hold him in *your* web, he'll make an end
of you !

TWO LIVES.

A fair-haired girl with earnest face
Watched the dark waves and rolling sea,
Whilst one whose thoughts she could not trace
Close to her side stood silently.

Thinking of her with an aching heart,
Wondering what their lives might be,
After the morrow when they must part,
To meet no more perhaps lovingly.

For he must sail by early morn,
In the stately ship at anchor now,
Leaving her desolate and forlorn,
To weep alone, but keep their vow.

"Good bye, my love," with a tender kiss,
He whispered as the time drew nigh;
"And you must not dream there is aught amiss
When storms arise and the waves run high."

"Oh, speak not thus!" she cried, "but pray
That God would waft us safe to Him,
Where angels dwell in joy alway,
And grief no more the eyes can dim.

"To that fair home of peaceful love,
Prepared for those who do His will,
Where endless mercies only prove
All trials are for good, not ill.

"Take comfort from this thought, my own,
That we may to His throne draw near,
When from this world our souls have flown
In His blest presence to appear."

Another kiss, and he went away,
She watched his boat as it left the shore ;
But little dreamed that summer day
Was the last he'd see for evermore.

Yet so it proved, for at eventide
The wind rose high and the waves ran strong,
His ship flew fast o'er the ocean wide,
Yet their doom was sealed, as her track was wrong.

Close on her bows were sunken rocks,
Alas ! unseen till she drew too near,
Then the vessel struck, with fearful shocks
And sounds that stilled each heart to hear.

This was her fate, and there arose
From all on board a piercing cry,
They knew before the evening's close
Each one of them must surely die.

Now on that deck were stalwart men
Bound for their country's cause to fight
In Eastern climes, where once again
A fierce war needed England's might.

For she alone could save dear lives,
And by her mighty power defend
Young helpless women, children, wives,
Whose husbands met a fearful end.

Oh, cruel fate ! poor souls, for they
Were rudely seized at dead of night
By foul black fiends as human prey,
And torn from home in reckless spite.

But these brave men like heroes died,
E'en true to honour till the last ;
When hope was o'er, their captain cried,—
“ Attention, soldiers ! and stand fast.

“ In life, stern duty all have done ;
In death, I know you'll do it still :
We'll die together, not alone—
It is the Lord's most holy will.”

The ship went down,—these gallant men
Yet standing marshalled side by side,
Nor did they move or speak again,
But calmly sank in the ocean wide.

Sitting alone, as she loves to do,
Is a pale sad woman bowed with grief ;
To youth's first love she still is true,
Waiting for death as her relief.

All parting o'er, to live again
Far brighter than past golden days ;
To lose but earthly joy and pain
For heavenly love's eternal rays.

SUBMISSION.

Oh ! for one sweet dream of Heaven,
 One glimpse that no mortal may see,
 To feel that earth's sharp rocks are riven,
 And vanished for eternity !
 To live free from anguish and weeping,
 Where angelic songs lull to rest ;
 To feel safe in God's holy keeping
 Is ever my fervent request.

For those who have ne'er swerved from duty,
 For all that the world have defied,
 For men who, 'midst false earthly beauty,
 Have stood firm 'gainst temptation and pride :
 'Tis for all who have used self-denial,
 For such as have turned in disgust
 From deception, and borne bitter trial,
 Content to live meekly, and trust !

For each one that has passed through the fire
Unscathed, though the flames were severe,
Who have walked unstained through the mire,
And fought the great fight without fear.
For him, who, unselfish and yielding,
Has lived ne'er forgetful of death,
Ever conscious of Him who was shielding
His life from sin's poisonous breath.

'Tis for sorrowing hearts that are weary,
And those that have loved and have lost,
Whose days have been long, and so dreary,
That life seemed not worthy the cost.
For those who have failed in succeeding,
Passed by, as the goal came in sight,
The faint limbs o'ertired and bleeding,
No rest or sweet slumber at night.

'Tis for those ne'er accused of backsliding,
Who have borne all the taunts of the world,
Who have clung to the spirit hand guiding,
And e'er kept God's banner unfurled.
For those who have succoured the needy,
Nor turned from the weak in distress,
Whose hand to help ever was speedy,
And in well doing found happiness.

For those who, in sickness and sorrow,
Have e'er kept a place in their breast
For others, nor thought of the morrow,
When themselves might need comfort and rest.
For those who, when pleasure was nearest,
Most swiftly turned out of the way,
Thinking only of those who were dearest,
And wished them all joy of the day.

For them that love truth and uprightness,
To whom falsehood for aye has been strange,
Who've maintained 'midst dark clouds all their
brightness,
Against hope, hoping yet for a change.
For each one, whom the world's evil speaking
Has harmed and perhaps ruined in life ;
'Tis for those who found comfort by seeking
Through God sure relief from all strife.

And shall I, who in all am deficient,
E'er hope such reward will be mine ?
Though I know that God's grace is sufficient,
His power and mercy divine.
My footsteps have turned too often,
Strong barriers now stand in the way,
This heart seems too hard e'er to soften,
And the sun has forsaken my day.

Nought is left but the one promise given,
 Shining out as a Beacon to all,
That there is forgiveness in Heaven
 To those who most often may fall.
Yes, none know when the day or the hour
 Shall come for the eyelids to close ;
Our life as a frail tender flower
 May break during quiet repose.

If this should be so, God receive us,
 Forgiven, safe unto his breast,
Where His loving arms will relieve us
 Of sin, and e'en sooth us to rest.

NOW OR NEVER.

Now or Never ! Time is fleeting

Like the shadows with the day ;

Those at morn who gave us greeting

May ere night be passed away.

Now or Never ! words of warning,

Solemn thoughts must bring to all ;

Now, the time at early morning,

Never, perhaps at even fall.

Now, whilst youth and hope are lending

Charms that they alone possess ;

Never scarce a sorrow blending

With our chance of life's success.

Now, the time for true repentance,
 When the mind hath strength to will ;
 Never, brings the eternal sentence,
 And the heart for aye is still.

Now, ere youth has lost its power,
 Whilst each moment is of worth ;
 Soon they mark a wasted hour,
 Never to return on earth.

Now or never, work in earnest
 In life's vineyard while ye may,
 Choose the right road when thou turnest,
 Conquer self in every way.

Now or never, waking, sleeping,
 On these words our chance depends
 Of future bliss in heavenly keeping,
 With a life that never ends.

THE DRIFT OF MEMORY.

Over the same familiar ways,
Passed so oft in youthful days,
Fate beguiled, I looked once more
On scenes beloved in days of yore.

It was not in the landscape I found a change,
But old homes filled with new faces strange,
Many were missed I loved to see
In days that for ever are gone from me.

O'er the wide wide world a few are spread,
Some lie at rest with the holy dead.
Each turn of the road remembrance brings
Of youthful hope and its golden wings.

All bring to my mind a life more dear,
Than this that quickly is passing here.
When those I have mourned so long in vain
I may meet, not ever to part again.

Shall I be known, and they known by me,
In the vast expanse of eternity,
Or the long past years since they were dead
Every voice and look have altered ?

I fain would think, as I saw them last,
We meet again at the trumpet's blast,
Only, all sorrow for ever gone,
Peace and joy in its place alone.

Such thoughts are ever too deep for me,
Some day shall I solve that mystery ;
Till then must I bow to God's own will,
For in death as in life are they near me still.

CÆLO IN QUIES.

IN MEM. P. J. H—NY—W—D, DIED NOV. 19TH, 1874.

His spirit has returned to God, who gave
With life that gentle soul so true and brave ;
Beloved by all who knew the path he led,
Forget him not, e'en now that he is dead.
Men not alone, his favourite flowers and trees
Will breathe a tender " Cælo in Quies."

Though bitter tears must dim full many an eye,
As happy days rush back to memory ;
Yet may we feel that God, who knoweth best,
Hath crowned his life with Heaven, eternal rest.
Our thoughts, if uttered, be in words like these,
Ever for ever " Cælo in Quies."

Years cannot alter, Time can ne'er erase
The image of that kind and ever-beaming face,
His merry laugh, the sweetness of his song,
Which oft-times charmed when winternights were long.

May angels chant with each sweet evening breeze
Those words of comfort, "Cælo in Quies !"

It seems but yesterday, with horn in hand,
He cheered his "Beagles"* o'er the newly-furrowed
land ;

His trusty "Tom" for ever by his side,
Whip, huntsman, friend, and servant till he died ;
But earthly pleasures Death must soon appease,
Think then for ever, "Cælo in Quies."

Close where in life his daily footsteps trod,
He rests beside the time-worn walls of God,
The loveliest flowers blossom near his tomb,
Those which the fairest and the longest bloom.
Whilst o'er his head the softly murmuring trees
Sing his sweet requiem, "Cælo in Quies."

* This famous pack will never be forgotten in Essex.

A COMPARISON.

I wonder, supposing that such things could be,
And every wish realized that were mine,
Whether existence would happier be,
Or else become selfish and make me repine ?

Supposing, for instance, that money galore
(To use a Hibernian phrase) filled my purse,
Instead of content I'd most likely seek more,
Thus proving the maxim, that money's a curse.

But I think such misfortune 'twere easy to bear,
One seldom has heard it is fatal to health,
Though it sometimes works wonders, combined with
sea-air,
For there's certainly no such Physician as wealth.

It is said that true happiness ne'er can be bought—

A statement I fancy most men would deny ;

If man can't be light-hearted with money, he ought ;

And a good imitation you surely can buy.

Don't think me heartless ; one blessing I know

Worth more than " Golconda,"—a well-balanced
mind,

Which all this earth's riches can never bestow,

If avarice lurks in some crevice behind.

But 'tis pleasant to feel, when some pitiful face

Looks up in your own, that large means and full power

Are yours, and a gift kindly given will chase

Hot tears fast away in a desolate hour.

If riches are fatal, the man is to blame

Who seeks but to give where his deeds may be known,

He lights up his lamp with too brilliant a flame,

And weakens hereafter his chance of a crown.

Yet, how many there are, as we daily jog on,
Both rolling in riches and vulgar conceit ;
Men whose virtues are Nil, but position have won
By grovelling in dust at nobility's feet.

“Tuft-hunters” some call them (not very polite),
Though a much more appropriate word might be
used,
Composed of three letters, which, when they unite,
Refer to a creature too often abused.

I need scarce mention names, all will certainly know
To whom I refer in this delicate way ;
He is seen at his best in a praiseworthy show,*
Which a kind Baroness was the first to essay.

Yet the creature by far most deserves our respect,
He hunts for *his* tufts as his scant daily food,
And oft meets with ill treatment and cruel neglect,
When he toils day and night for his taskmaster's good.

* The Donkey show.

So some in these days, who are knighted, oft find,
They e'en have to pay rather dear for their whistle;
Though high sounding the title, themselves are
behind,
In manners and merits, "Poor Ned of the Thistle."



IN GOD'S ACRE.

(A PARAPHRASE.)

When weary work is laid aside,
And well-earned rest becomes our own,
It brings sweet thoughts at eventide
Sometimes to wander forth alone.
And there is no more soothing spot,
E'en though it cause our eyes to weep,
Than where, at peace and unforget,
God giveth His beloved sleep.

Death loses much of earthly pain
If man but heavenward lift his eyes ;
'Tis then he sees, how more than vain
Are worldly hopes and enterprise.
A vivid picture stands revealed
Of what may be eternal rest,
Although the future lies concealed,
And opens not at his request.

He knows, beneath that time-worn sod,
One dearly loved is still and cold,
But yet a prayer goes forth to God,
As for him in the days of old.
It may be, years have passed away,
Since by the new-formed tomb he wept,
Now, though it holds but useless clay,
Still loving memory is kept.

Look on this little mound of earth,
So small that it were most in vain
To tell a grave ; yet e'en at birth,
A babe's eyes oped and closed again.
As if a glimpse of earth's dark shore,
With all its treacherous thorny ways,
Made life too sad to look at more,
And so the first was last of days.

Or see that open vault—A son,
An only child, will there be laid ;
Fond parents, now his course is run,
Give back to God the form that's dead
Till the archangel's trump shall call
For those who live, and those at rest,
To come to judgment, Great and small
Shall hear the words Condemned or Blest.

Read that memorial of a youth,
Who died in battle long ago,—
His last thoughts were of sacred truth,
Before he marched to meet the foe :
Right gallantly he bore his arms,
And safe through many a charge rode fast;
He seemed possessed of secret charms,
But wounded, fell, to die at last.

Pass onwards, and again mark well

That downcast mourner's slow footfall—

A widow's dress her tale doth tell,

With husband she has lost her all :

He lieth there, and there her heart

Is buried too, with youth's first love ;

'Twas God's own will that they should part,

Their faith in Him for aye to prove.

Behold, yon gorgeous marble stone ;

The inscription tells of worldly pride :

It speaks of one, who lived alone,

For self and riches, till he died ;

And yet his friends once vainly thought

They'd bring proud honour to his name,

And wipe out deeds so foully wrought

That men had turned from him in shame.

There lieth one who formed a plan,
And lived too certain of the morn—
God called his soul, vain helpless man,—
Thus brightest hopes were turned to scorn.
Alas ! how oft the loveliest flower
Succumbs to frost or cruel blight ;
Ere it has reached perfection's hour
'Tis ruined in a single night.

As in the grave-yard, so in life,
Variety surrounds us all ;
We see it oft in worldly strife,
In all things, be they great or small.
Triumphs, which we cannot trace,
Oft mark another's history ;
We hear of unforeseen disgrace,
The cause involved in mystery.

Then let us contemplate life's whole,
As e'en composed of joy and pain,
All trustful that our weary soul
An angel's wings of flight may gain.
As faithful children of our God,
If we have borne all trials past,
And turned not from the beaten road,
Peace will be our own at last.

BUT AWHILE.

Though youth may have shadows, age come unawares,
Scarce one trace even left of a smile,
Yet this thought may lighten the world's load of
cares,
Nought can last here on earth but awhile.

Though not all share alike in sorrow and joy,
'Tis no use one's hard fate to revile,
The gold days of youth are mixed with alloy,
And remain but, alas ! for awhile.

If we lose those we've loved in past happy years,
Let one thought their sad loss reconcile,
Though we ne'er meet again in this wide vale of tears,
We shall join them once more ere awhile.

When dim grows the eye, and the hair turns to grey,

Nothing left weary time to beguile,

Remember, though grief may be ours to-day,

It can last on this earth but awhile.



WOUNDED.*

Weary, tired, sick and wounded,
Many a noble form lies low,
That when first War's trumpet sounded,
Bravely marched to meet the foe.

Far away, no loved ones near them,
Sick and wounded soldiers lie ;
No kind faces by to cheer them,
Left in agony to die.

Thousands, as each day is dawning,
'Midst the awful cannon's boom,
Go forth in the Autumn morning,
To meet, ere night, their fatal doom.

* Written for a Concert in aid of the Sick and Wounded during the Franco-Prussian War.

Wives and children, sisters, mothers,
Watching anxiously at home,
For their husbands, fathers, brothers,
Yearning for them back to come.

Desolate is many a dwelling
Where nought ever reigned but peace,
No dim shadows, once foretelling
How soon happiness would cease.

Ye who listen to my singing,
Think upon these words I say ;
Ever to your minds be bringing
Thoughts of those for whom we pray.

We are here to-night all smiling,
And I trust in happiness,
Yet though sweet song our time's beguiling,
Think of those in deep distress.

WOUNDED.

... THE ... SORROW,
... THE ... AWAY,
... THE ... MORROW,
... THE ... DAY.

We

TH

Fa

N

... THE ... DARK
... THE ... LAWS:
... THE ... MARK
... THE ... MOURNS.

THE WAR CLOUD.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES, 1878.

Say not Old England's power hath fled

From out her noble breast ;

Secure for years it slumbered,

'Tis now awake from rest.

E'en slow to take the sword in hand,

Her country's blood to spill,

She must protect her well-loved land

From foreign source of ill.

Some little minds may fume and fret

At War's unwelcome sound,

And through their feebleness beget

Mistrust in all around.

Though long the British Lion slept,

Why grudge his calm repose ?

His jaws in order still are kept

To rend his treacherous foes.

'Tis only cowards in our land
That cry their nation down ;
They form a mean and dismal band,
Who shrink in fear alone.
Such men are only fit to place
Where shot falls thick as hail,
To cleanse this land from sad disgrace,
When panic-struck they quail !

The metal true is short of speech,
It wastes not time in words,
'Tis foremost in the deadly breach,
Unrivalled with its swords.
With tender care it treats all foes
When wounded sore they lie,
Both pity and true mercy shows
To all whose end is nigh.

But those that jibe are like some boys
Who courage lack to fight,
And only make a blustering noise,
As if to show their might.
The quiet lad says nought, but he
Soon throws his jacket down,
And quickly plants his one, two, three,
On his opponent's crown.

Now tell me, pray, which of the two
You think deserves the palm—
The blustering fool, or brave heart true,
With strong and steady arm ?
The first would only be a scorn
To Army or to Navy ;
The second prove a warrior, born
To make foes call " Peccavi."

Depend upon it, there's no fear—

For, at the trumpet's call,

Our men will flock from far and near

To glory win—or fall !

Old England's in her zenith yet,

Her sons are brave and fair ;

And when the flag of danger's set,

Our heroes will be there.

The buried hatchet's quickly found

When rightful use has need ;

Though long lain hid beneath the ground,

Full easily 'tis freed.

Then woe betide the heads that feel

The first taste of its power !

One blow will soon its strength reveal,

And all vain boasting lower.

True British blood can never die,
 Though parents may be dead,
Yet sons still live to follow by
 The way the old folks led.
Their long miss'd voice they'll hear again,
 When glory leads the way,
Heedless of maddening wounds or pain,
 As in their bygone day.

They'll think fond eyes are looking down
 From where they dwell at rest,
And long past deeds inspire their own,
 By noble memories blest.
Then, if they win a laurel wreath,
 And victory crowns the day,
The shout from off the field of death
 Will rise, "We've done as they."

MY MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Though youthful strength has passed away,
And life no more looks fair and bright,
Yet distant gleams that perfect day,
When those gone by will seem as night.

Where no delusive hopes can war
'Gainst happiness too pure to cease.
Not even bitter partings mar
The joy of everlasting peace.

There lies the charm of perfect rest,
Which none on earth can know or feel :
We seek it here in idle quest,
But shadows only round us steal.

Oblivion is not rest. 'Twill be
When weary toils of life are done,
And spirits, from their chains set free,
Meet each long-mourned departed one.

Yet even in dark hours of pain
Hope still has sway in every breast,
And soothes, when human means are vain,
For God so gives His loved ones rest.

Bright visions of the past return
As sleep o'ertakes our weary eyes ;
Once more the lamp of youth doth burn,
And lights up hidden mysteries.

Oh ! were it not for dreams, what gloom
Would gather round the fairest head !
Sweet flowers of mirth short time e'er bloom,
Then sorrow holds her reign instead.

As each succeeding year goes by,
And brings again our day of birth,
Though with it comes sad memory,
'Twill last but whilst we live on earth.

The feeble limbs, to strength restored,
Some day shall walk in realms above,
And, in communion with our Lord,
The spirit know e'erlasting love.



FAITH.

If scant shall grow thy earthly flowers,
 Bear one thought still in mind,
They'll bloom more fair 'neath heavenly bowers,
 Free from earth's chilling wind.

Such blossoms never more can fade,
 But in full beauty last,
Bright sun will then eclipse the shade
 That darkened all the past.

Should sorrow or hard trials bend
 Thy head in deep distress,
Remember, who hath power to send
 Relief from bitterness.

Long though some days and years may seem,
Untiring watch to keep,
They'll pass, like many a fitful dream
Doth wing its flight with sleep.

Look upward, take from earth thine eyes,
Fix all true thoughts on Heaven ;
For there, within its glorious skies,
The loveliest things are given.

As each fair plant doth die, its seed
Retains a new life yet :
So hearts that now may often bleed,
When healed, all wounds forget.

THE SILVER CLOUD.*

We all know well a silver cloud
Oft turns to heavy rain,
And rolling thunder booms aloud
In fierce continuous strain.

Howe'er, "The Cloud" of which I write
Was e'en a pleasure yacht,
Which went ashore the other night,
And now existeth not.

All buoyant life, she floated o'er
The lightly-dancing wave;
But from her moorings broke on shore,
And quickly found her grave.

* The above lines were written in aid of the owner of a pleasure yacht "Silver Cloud," that broke loose from her moorings, and was wrecked on shore at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, August 23, 1878. Several subscriptions were the result of the appeal.

Her skeleton lies near the green
For passers-by to see ;
And may remind us all, I ween,
Of what we too must be.

For, like a ship we voyage on,
And danger oft is passed ;
But some day find our course is done,
And we are wrecked at last.

Pray, all who have the will and power
To help a friend in need :
Let not e'en slip the present hour,
But be a friend indeed.

You will not miss, say, half-a-crown ;
And if kind friends are round,
Let your example be their own,
And raise it to a pound.

You'll bring back smiles, where tears now flow,
By timely aid and true ;
And all who give, you surely know,
Will earn a blessing too.

Thus will the cloud, that hovers o'er
The owner of the boat,
Disperse, and help him, now on shore,
E'en soon to get afloat.

Then will he find the olden tale
Is true about repining,
His "Silver Cloud" may not e'en fail
To have a "Silver lining."

CRUEL WORDS.

There was no need to cast aside
The friendship given to you,
Or spurn one who might be a guide
Your earthly journey through.
It may be that our hands have met
To clasp no more again :
You, perhaps, but I can ne'er forget
Such words of cruel pain.

They'll come back wafted by the breeze
As it floats gently on,
Oft echoed by the stormy seas,
When from thy side I'm gone ;

But will not sound, I trust, in Heaven,
Where soon I fain would live ;
Yet, as I hope to be forgiven,
On earth may I forgive.

In silence must I mourn awhile,
As saddened thoughts arise ;
Time may e'en change them to a smile,
And teach me to be wise :
Though wisdom learned in such a way
Embitters life-long years,
It steals the sun from brightest day,
And leaves a night of tears.

DECLINING YEARS.

Bright young faces gladly beaming
 Make old hearts to youth return ;
The fire of past childhood seeming
 Once more in their veins to burn.

Thoughts of bygone days bring shadows
 O'er the sunshine of the brain,
Reflections of sweet flowery meadows,
 Where youth cannot sport again.

There may be some deeper feeling
 Hidden from the outward gaze,
Nought to human mind revealing
 Of life's secret thorny ways.

Happy laughter, such as only
 Fresh young lips can e'er ring out,
Oft-times cheer the sad and lonely
 By their merry, joyous shout.

When the footstep's lightness ceases,
 And life's evening closes fast,
As feebleness each day increases,
 More nearly cling thoughts of the past.

Round the winter fire assemble
 Dim-eyed matrons old and worn,
With fragile limbs that shake and tremble
 As leaflets in a raging storm.

Each some recollection holding
 Of their early life gone by,
Ere with perfect faith enfolding
 Thoughts of calm eternity.

Ye, who still are in youth's flower,
Treasure time e'en whilst ye may ;
Soon may come a darker hour
Chasing all your smiles away.

FOREWARNED;
OR,
THE POACHER'S VISION.
(A FACT.)

Full many years have passed away,
And with them youthful dreams ;
But school-time e'en as yesterday
Still in my memory gleams.

Ah ! what sad changes time has wrought
Since those too-joyous years,
For happiness, then lightly bought,
Is longed for now in tears.

I know not why this story true
To-night should cross my mind ;
But as it may perhaps interest you,
List, if you're so inclined.

It is no legend of my brain,
For one is known to me
Who watched the poacher's dying pain,
And soothed his agony.

Oft, I myself beside his tomb
In bygone years have stood,
When passing at the evening gloom,
Beguiled by thoughtful mood.

And I have rested on that spot
Where all I write took place ;
Time's advance has changed it not,
The bridge you still can trace.

My story, as to me 'twas told,
I'll tell in simple strain,
The poacher's own words shall unfold
Its mysteries again.

"I'm nigh to death ; but die in peace,
My sins I hope forgiven :
Oh ! think you, Sir, as pain doth cease,
That I may pass to Heaven ?

"Will bitterness through which I've gone
Avail me in God's sight,
Or can I never now atone,
But cursèd die this night ?

"I know this earthly race is o'er,
My funeral I've seen ;
And time is now for me no more,
To be what I have been.

"A mournful vision glided by
The bridge near Dunchurch hill ;
It showed me this night I must die,
'Tis e'en before me still.

“ My dog was with me, and in awe
He whined and shook with fear,
Though dead of night, I plainly saw
A funeral pass near.

“ The mourners' faces all I knew,
Relations every one ;
Of friends there also came a few,
But wanting was my own !

“ Just as they passed, the velvet pall
By gusty blast was caught,
And waved back, I saw then all,
Yes, more than I'd have sought.

“ There, on the coffin lid, my name
And age, were fully riven ;
The words distinct, it was the same
In youth that I'd been given.

" 'Twas but a moment, then from sight
It vanished fast away ;
That death would come this very night
The vision seemed to say.

" My lips were paralysed from fear,
I did not dare to speak,
No sound arose for me to hear,
I grew both faint and weak.

" I've only reached my home to die,
So ere this life doth cease,
I fain would breathe a last good-bye,
And leave the world in peace."

Then solemn prayer was humbly said,
That could not be denied ;
And ere the shades of darkness fled,
The poacher calmly died.

THE BROKEN LINK.

AN ADVENTURE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

Whilst railway trains were in their teens,
And four-horse coaches used to run,
The latter were the travelling means
Most used in eighteen forty-one.
Then, sixty miles were thought a feat,
Requiring much consideration,
And needed trouble, ere complete
The packing up for embarkation.
Then, no one went to visit out
For less than, perhaps, two months or so,
And endless fuss was made about
The route 'twere best for him to go.

Such copious tears were always shed,
When time drew nigh for friends to sever,
That every thought of pleasure fled,
And partings seemed to be for ever.
Now, all is changed ; we say good-bye
With scarce a look or word of sorrow ;
We breakfast cheerfully, and fly
To dinner, perhaps, in Edinboro'.
But some aver that Coaching days
Were safer than our fast " Express,"
Which now so quickly oft conveys
Mankind to home and happiness.
Who does not know the oft-told tale
Of Jehu, in the days of yore,
Who drove the famous Northern mail,
And by stage coaches firmly swore ?
His box companion had engaged
His interest in the railway scheme ;
(Though mail contractors fierce war raged
Against the water-giant Steam).

"Look 'ere," he said, "don't talk to me
About yer injuns and yer trains.
No good 'll come o' them, ye 'll see,
When folks get smashed and lose their brains.
Whereas my coach upsets, and then
Why *there* ye are, all snug and right ;
We soon can get her up again,
And end our journey safe at night.
But, bless ye, when these steamers bust,
Where are ye *then* I'd like to know !
Why, in the clouds, all steam and dust,
Old friends left weepin' down below."

* * * * *

Officials were not, in the days
I write of, trustworthy as now ;
They practised not such searching ways
Before they signalled trains to go.

They minded not the coupling chains,
Nor gave the crank an extra screw,
They troubled not their doubtful brains
About small things, as now they do.
Enough it was for trains to start
Within ten minutes of time said ;
And if another should depart
Soon after, let it go ahead.
That they might meet ne'er crossed the mind,
They never thought of *fault in vision* ;
As long as they weren't far behind
Due time, what matter'd a Collision ?
It *only* killed a score or two,
And weeded out the population ;
Besides, perhaps, rendering a few
Fit subjects for dread amputation.
Such little matters counted not,
You took your ticket and your chance ;
If accident *should* be your lot,
It served for newspaper romance.

However, I must to my tale
Without delay or hesitation,
Some interest it cannot fail
To give, and needs full explanation.—
The Night Express left . . . I'll not say
What station, on the fatal line.
Sufficient, there was gross delay;
Instead of eight, it left at nine!
An hour late! And there fell due
A train to follow in its wake
With extra speed, e'en to pursue,
A fearful and unknown mistake.
The links that held the carriage, last
Of all the train, gave way, and left
It standing, ere ten miles were pass'd,
Within a long dark tunnel'd cleft.
Its occupants, half dead with fear,
Remained locked in beneath the ground
An hour or more, when, drawing near,
They heard an awful rumbling sound.

Well did they recognize its roar,
A train advancing to their doom !
Scarce would they count a minute more
Ere that carriage would be their tomb.
But list ! the clattering wheels now move
More slowly, stopping still at last.
A shout e'en rends the roof above,
They're saved, and danger now is pass'd.
The guard had found his loss, and sent
An engine back (before too late)
From the next station, with intent
To rescue their impending fate.
'Mongst horrors, such suspense must hold
A place unrivalled now, I think ;
And though 'twas in the days of old,
I ne'er forget THE BROKEN LINK.

ONLY.

Only a glimpse that is dearer,
Far than life's treasures to me,
Of one whom I would might be nearer
Now, and for eternity.

Only a shadow foretelling
Sunshine will shed its glad rays
O'er a heart's long desolate dwelling,
As it once more sweet comfort conveys.

Only a fond hope, once cherished,
Vainly and falsely led on ;
Perhaps youth's conflict has perished,
Only no victory won.

Only a blank dreary feeling,
 Creeping remorsefully by,
Only a bitter tear stealing,
 Down a pale cheek mournfully.

Only a loved face perhaps fading
 Slowly from youth's sun away,
Only a holiness shading
 The close of its past summer day.

Only a kiss, words unspoken
 Read in a sweet smile of peace ;
Only, but one more heart broken,
 One more of earth's joys to cease.

Only a last look recalling
 All the past happiness fled,
Only the night quickly falling
 Over the day that is dead.

Only a cross, yet it telleth
More than the costliest stone,
That her living heart e'en there dwelleth,
And in death that he's not left alone.

Only the sharp bitter feeling
Nothing but death can relieve ;
Only a shadow o'er-stealing
The heart that is left but to grieve.

Only a few years of sorrow,
The light fading swiftly away,
And then will break Heaven's to-morrow,
To last for an eternal day.

THE SAILOR'S SONG.

Wake up old memories past away,
Thy harp-strings touch anew,
And tell the song I sing to-day
Is sweet as then, and true.

Tho' men may change as years go by,
A well-known tune remains,
Unaltered, but mournfully,
In all its loveliest strains.

Amongst us all there is not one
Whose eye will ne'er grow dim,
When that stern master, Memory,
Recalls the past to him.

The wave that heaviest rolls, will oft
Most lightly touch the shore,
The stormy winds grow calm and soft,
All hushed their deafening roar.

Life's ship by tempest may be tossed,
And on bleak rocks fast driven ;
But whilst men think it must be lost,
Perhaps it is nearest Heaven.

We know not when life's anchor weighs,
And launches us to sea,
To-morrow perhaps will end our days,
As God thinks best to be.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S STORY.

This room is fast closed by night and by day,
Scarce one but myself ever enters the door,
'Twas here my young mistress from life passed away ;
And still hangs, untouched, the last dress that she
wore.

The story is strange, and well worth relating,
Though each time seems to open fresh wounds in
my heart ;
But if you can spare a short while in awaiting,
I'll tell you the details before you depart.

She was scarcely nineteen, her beauty the fairest,
Ever heightened by sunshine or calmed by repose,
Her curls hung in clusters of gold tint the rarest,
And the bloom on her cheek seemed to vie with
the rose.

Her voice came in accents so sweet and endearing,
Like rippling of waters adown the bright stream ;
When she smiled, 'twas as if rows of pearls were
appearing,
She moved like a spirit from some lovely dream.

She had e'en been betrothed, since the first years of
childhood,
To one who was worthy her heart and her hand,
As companions they'd roamed day by day in the
wild wood,
The bonniest pair you could meet in the land.

'Twas the time of the war, when all England
awakened
To find her brave army must once more defend
The inroads of nations by honour forsaken,
Who e'en had attacked the fair shores of a friend.

Her love, 'mongst the first, when the war-bugle
sounded,

Was summoned for service and ordered to sail
For the Crimean shore, then by danger surrounded,
Yet soon under brave British heroes to quail.

But scathless he passed through the fearful ordeal,
And when peace was proclaimed, a small cross on
his breast,
Placed there by the hands of our Queen, showed how
real
Had been all the danger so lightly confess'd.

He returned with our troops, to England now dearer
Than ever they'd been in the calm days of peace ;
Love and sympathy, once more, together drawn nearer,
By bonds that their absence had served to increase.

Far and wide rang the joy bells, each heart fondly
beating

As if in response to the mirth of their chime ;
Town and country alike in all honour competing
Who should be first at so brilliant a time.

'Twas e'en in a ball-room, the dance music sounded,
He threaded the crowd with her in a valse ;
Their love for each other, so firm and unbounded,
A love that death even ne'er proved to be false.

Gaily their footsteps kept time to the measure,
Like a fairy she scarce touched the ground with
her feet ;
Once more does he hold in his arms that loved
treasure,
Whose time upon earth Death was soon to complete.

He felt her form falter, but strong in his power,
From the dense crowded room was she quickly
conveyed ;
Ready help came at once, but in less than an hour
Death's call had been only too surely obeyed.

Oh ! their love indeed was strongly embedded,
He scarce would believe, even then, she was dead ;
That year, had she lived, they would have been
wedded,
She now is the sweet bride of Heaven instead.

And he ? do you ask, is he still alone,
Or has love for another since then filled his breast ?
Not so, for none lived who could ever atone
For her, who in youth God had called to her rest.

Sad are his eyes and careworn his brow,

Grey hairs are scattered thick over his head ;

No more does he join in the gay dances now,

But is waiting to go back to her who is dead.

THE SPIRIT BRIDE.

To worldly care my love's asleep,
Sweet blossoms cluster where she lies,
Their drooping branches seem to weep,
While song birds chant soft lullabies.

In early spring she passed away,
Ere yet the roses came in bloom,
The fragrant breath from off the May,
Was gently wafted o'er her tomb.

I sometimes think, with tender grace,
She still is wand'ring by my side,
And fain would see the angel face
Of her, who is a Spirit Bride.

E'en though my selfish thoughts will stray,
Oft longing for her, all in vain,
I know that, like the gathered May,
She cannot live for me again.

But from the world's heart-rending strife,
And thorny paths she might have trod,
In regions of eternal life
Finds peace before the throne of God.

Her dear remembrance e'en will dwell
For ever near me as I move,
And lead me back by charmèd spell
To lost, but unforgotten, love.

WAS IT A GHOST ?

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Not far from off our southern shore,
Where coaches once ran to and fro,
An old house stands, since days of yore
Connected with a tale of woe.
I've known it well for many years,
And oft within spent pleasant hours ;
Though it has been a scene of tears
Caused by some mysterious powers.
I need not waste your time or mine,
But first must make some details clear,
As they are needed to define
The tragic scene narrated here.

* * * * *

Imagine, then, a genial throng
Assembled round the blazing hearth,
Amused by merry tale and song,
Forgetting aught but joy on earth.
The conversation turned on one
That very night expected late
To share the happy Christmas fun ;
But—I will not anticipate.
The sound of wheels, and bustling feet,
Proclaimed the guest arrived at last :
To see old friends is always sweet,
They're linked so closely with the past ;
And yet, the host seemed much perplexed,
His face turned pale, and almost sad,
As if by some great trouble vexed,
Whilst every other heart was glad.
Now, as no secrets I may have
From you, my readers, let me tell
The reasons why he looked so grave,
And o'er his brow such shadows fell.

Know, then, by careless oversight,
The housekeeper had not allowed
Sufficient room to sleep at night
Throughout the house, for such a crowd.
All were full, save one alone,
And that untenanted had been
Through many long years pass'd and gone,
(It will be now for aye, I ween).
A deed too dark for pen to write
Had brought a curse some years before,
Which since has clung, through day and night,
And now will stay for evermore.
For there was something in that room
Of which none could description give ;
Strange warnings there of awful doom,
That none should ever see, and live !
And here it was this well-loved friend
Must either sleep, or else depart
Just as he'd reached his journey's end,—
Such thoughts, e'en stung each kindly heart.

But he was young, with nerves of steel,
And fear a word he scarcely knew.
So, having heard his host reveal
The story, doubted if 'twere true,
And laughing, said, "He'd take his chance
Of ghost or goblin, fiend or sprite ;
A haunted room would but enhance
The charm of sleeping there that night."
Now, this brave youth had common-sense,
And scouted every thought of fear ;
Adventurous love became intense,
But fatal to him, as you'll hear :
. . . . Once a naughty wicked man,
A sweet young damsel went to woo,
And formed a treacherous cruel plan,
Tempted by — you all know who !
This naughty wicked man beguiled
The maiden from her home in France,
Which conduct both her parents riled,
And led them each a pretty dance.

The pair escaped across the sea,
And to this very house were ta'en,
Assured that they quite safe would be
Till all suspicion ceased to reign.
Alas ! poor innocent young dove,
By ruthless hands torn from her nest ;
This the commencement of her love
And end—For madness claimed the rest.
She never left that room alive,
In frenzy by her lover slain ;
Against his strength too weak to strive,
Her struggles ended all in vain.
And now, 'tis said, e'en to this day,
If one should sleep within that room,
He'd see again that deadly fray
Enacted 'neath the angry moon.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Our hero sat till midnight hour
 Whilst song and jest went gaily round ;
The cheery flames began to lower,
 And sleep a willing captive found.
He roused himself, and asked excuse,
 By pleading for an aching head.
His absence all would fain refuse ;
 But, resolute, he went to bed.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

Two hours or more had pass'd away
 Since he had risen from his chair,
The clock hands told another day,
 When—hark ! A cry of wild despair !
Is that his voice ? List,—there again !
 For help he calls, oh, quickly fly !
The sounds are those of one in pain,—
 Haste swiftly to him, lest he die !

With speedy step we entered soon,
Though e'en constrained to burst the door ;
There, in the light of winter moon,
Behold him, standing on the floor !
He shrieked, in horror-stricken tone—
Both hands uplifted o'er his head—
“ Why was I left to die alone ?

My God ! I'VE SEEN IT ! ” and fell DEAD !

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

No human being to this day
Can tell what vision met his sight,
Nor mortal pen, with truth portray
The horrors of that awful night.
If some real presence filled his brain,
And made him utter such a cry,
None, then or since, could ascertain—
All still remains a mystery.

No heartless trick had caused his death,

As some supposed might be the case ;

No secret passage underneath

His room did people ever trace.

In perfect health he'd gone to rest—

A fact that could not be denied ;

Still, to this day his friends attest

Through mortal fear he really died.

Oh, Fate ! How strange a thing thou art !

'Tis well thy book hath lock and key ;

Or perhaps some pages might impart

What would make life dense misery.

“ Where ignorance ” (the proverb sings,

And truly so, not one denies)

“ Is bliss, and sweet contentment brings,”

Oh, then, “ 'tis folly to be wise ! ”

Yes, there must come a day and hour

When we shall lay our burden down ;

“ Forecasting ” is not in man's power,

The “ *when* ? ” is better left unknown.

A certain measure must be filled,
To test the worth of life's reaped grain,
Proving the active labourer skilled
Or else unfit to sow again.
No harvest can be stored here,
Earth scanty shelter e'en supplies,
And there are dangers lurking near
From watchful hidden enemies.
So with this moral I will end
A story sad, though strictly true,
Worth keeping in your mind, my friend,
When young folks ask a tale from you.

THE LAUNCH OF THE LIFEBOAT
"ALBERT EDWARD"

AT CLACTON-ON-SEA, JULY 10TH, 1878.

*Given by the Freemasons of England as a thank-offering for the
Prince of Wales' safe return from India.*

Built from henceforth life to save,
Manned by crew so strong and brave—
Launch the boat with ringing cheer !
Honour the name to all now dear !
Honour the dead in the living son !
Honour the love so justly won !
"ALBERT EDWARD," aye to be
The sailor's friend on this Eastern Sea !

Honour "the Craft," whose generous thought
So much of sterling good has wrought !
Honour the gift that they have given,
To save man's life, if willed by Heaven !
Honour the true hearts ever found,
When storms and tempests rage around,
To leave their homes, where loved ones weep,
And brave the perils of the deep !

Ever ready, by day and night,
God grant her labours may be light !
If storms arise, and need is great,
May He watch o'er her noble freight !
Hearts will beat, and fond eyes strain,
Until they're safe at home again ;
Yet, when all danger's past and gone,
Extol the deed so bravely done !

Long on the scroll of Lifeboat fame
May this staunch craft oft write her name !
And let one tale be ever true,
"That ship" was saved by the Lifeboat crew !
Then, as the march of time proceeds,
And young men tell their fathers' deeds,
Let them not ever boast in vain,
"What *once* was done, we'll do again !"

Our sailors well deserve the praise
Bestowed and earned in long past days ;
Changed are the race for nought of ill !
The old were good—these better still.
And though the wooden bulwark's dead,
An iron fortress reigns instead ;
For, not content with moderate guns,
We load our decks with Eighty Tons.

Then, as each year advancing power
The chance of shipwreck perhaps may lower,
Still must we not e'en once forget
That there is need for the Lifeboat yet.
Though strong our hold o'er man may be,
We cannot control the treach'rous sea ;
A perfect ship may have concealed
Some weak point, at last revealed.

In such distress, be this our prayer,
God grant the Lifeboat may come near,
With willing hands, and 'bated breath,
Men who can work, aye, e'en to death !
No selfish thoughts e'er make them weak,
Their strength lies in the death they seek ;
For surely, 'midst that dark despair,
The light of hope will shine most fair !

Ever, for ever, success attend
Each launch, until her course doth end !
And when, at last, the race is run,
Long cherished be all laurels won !
But gloomy thoughts we'll chase away,
And toast the new-born craft to-day :
May she for aye, whilst timbers float,
Be ready, and a true Lifeboat !

SONG.

Mourn not thy life on earth,
 Soon must it pass away ;
Treasure all harmless mirth,
 Joy whilst thou hast the day.

All that thou lovest here
 Is but a fleeting dream ;
Then draws each parting near,
 Dim the once bright sunbeam.

Pleasures foreshadow pain
 Long e'er the twilights close ;
Rest then, alas ! in vain,
 Vanished all calm repose.

Thoughts fill man's tired brain ;
Scenes of the past arise,
When youth knew nought of pain—
Only sweet memories.

Faces, long hid from view,
Smile, as in days of yore ;
Hearts, that were ever true,
Mingle with thine once more.

Words utter'd past recall
Sound in thy wakeful ears,
E'en in the same tone fall,
Causing thee bitter tears.

Chances all thrown away
Into dark spectres grow ;
Fierce keen reproach convey,
To thee, heartstricken, now.

Still, do not droop thine head ;

Hope yet may justly reign :

Plants, though in winter dead,

Rise up with spring again.

Seek, and thou'lt mercy find ;

Ask from God's throne above ;

He'll soothe thy troubled mind

With His everlasting love !



THE LAST SONG.

When clouds arise in some dark hour,

Remember me !

When sorrow holds thee with its mighty power,

Remember me !

When thrown amidst the world's dense throng,

Remember me !

And though no longer it among,

Yet pray for me !

When thou dost gather flowers I held dear,

Remember me !

And, if thou canst, then shed a tear,

E'en lovingly !

If thou should'st hear my olden songs,

Then think of me !

And with the thought of past bygones,

Remember me !

If sweeter tones should ring their strains,

Forget not me !

Tho' ne'er my voice thou'lt hear again,

Still pray for me !

HYMNS ON THE CLOSING YEAR.

MORNING.

A little while, and from our sight
This year must quickly fly ;
Weary of watching morn and night,
'Tis doomed at last to die.

Hours and days have passed and gone
Since first life's path we trod ;
Has time been spent in following on
The footsteps of our God ?

Or have we given to worldly cares
Far more than passing thought,
And proved them base insidious snares,
By evil passions wrought ?

Can we look back without regret,
Quite sure we've done our best ?
And trust that when life's sun shall set
'Twill bring eternal rest ?

Happy, indeed, would be our fate,
With conscience clear as this,
All worthy of God's own estate,
And everlasting bliss !

To the eternal Trinity
Be praise for ever due !
And may the past year's sins all be
Atoned for in the new !

EVENING.

Why should we grieve this year has past,
And brought its closing day at last ?
If ere another's end we see,
Lord, let it find us nearer Thee.

Its hopes and fears have all now fled,
And, as the leaves, lie cold and dead ;
Let increased grace fall on us here,
And e'en remain the whole new year !

Though oft we've sinned, do Thou forgive,
And bring repentance whilst we live !
Thy chastening rod with love combine,
To make our days for ever Thine.

May Thy especial grace descend
On those whose years draw nigh their end !
Soothe all their sufferings by Thy love,
And every sense of pain remove.

Protect the young with loving care,
And give them strength life's ills to bear,
Uphold them in temptation's hour,
Crush out all evil spirits' power.

Watch over all who on the deep
In peril perhaps this vigil keep ;
Stay storm and tempest by thine hand,
And bring them safe at last to land.

Glory to Him who reigns on high,
Beyond the vast eternal sky,
Where day and night a heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

DECEMBER.

Once more dark lengthened shadows
Falling o'er snow-crusted meadows,
Through the land,
Show the year is quickly fleeting,
And time-honoured Christmas meeting
Is at hand.

Though there are vacant places,
And we miss some loving faces,
This December,
We feel sure that still they love us,
And although they dwell above us,
Can remember.

No sad thoughts or dejection,
Only one sweet pure reflection
Doth remain,
That each Christmas bringeth nearer
A life than earth's far dearer,
Free from pain.

When the same remembered greeting,
That came with Christmas meeting
Long ago,
Will be ours ! From loved lips spoken,
To renew all ties long broken,
Even so.

If the heart should sink through weakness,
God, who loveth all true meekness,
Will be nigh ;
He will not forget the anguish
That made the spirit languish,
By-and-bye.

Every disappointment over,
Fair angels' wings to cover
Our flight ;
'Twill be but swift transition
From earth's ever dark condition
Into light.

Here, days are all uncertain,
Hope only lifts its curtain
For awhile ;
All earthly joys are dreary,
And make us soon too weary
E'en to smile.

But the very sense of sorrow
Is God's token that to-morrow
Is at hand ;
When life's ship, that He is guiding,
Shall be at anchor riding
Near to land.

Then, all who've borne their trials,
Sore temptations, self-denials,
 Of the past,
Shall gain the harbour surely,
With white sails glistening purely,
 At the last.



CHRISTMAS, 1878.

To ——

Be not cast down, should Christmas bring
A sigh for bygone times ;
Weep not to hear the old bells ring
Their sacred merry chimes.

They tell life's tale in accents true
Alike to young and old ;
The past and present hopes renew,
And future joys unfold.

Let them but sweet reminders be
Of lasting peace to come,
When man, from earthly sorrows free,
Shall find a perfect home.

Think on them as of voices dear,
E'en wafted from above,
To soothe our daily trials here,
And speak of Heavenly love.

Who knows, but through the thin clear air
They fill the realms on high,
And reach our dear ones dwelling there,
As well as you and I ?

On earth they shared our worldly bliss,
When Christmas time drew near ;
Who knows but they will share in this,
Although not present here ?

May they not carry in their tone
Our earthly joys and pain ?
And thus, no longer we alone
Our burdens bear in vain ?

And when the silent toast goes round
To memories all so dear,
Let fervent, heartfelt thanks abound,
For those left with us here.



PARTING.

I would not have thee weep or mourn
On this our parting day ;
Though here at last, and all hope torn
From thy dear heart away.

The days and years since first we met
Have fled swiftly on ;
And thou wilt not, I know, forget
How happily they've flown.

Thy face and voice are just as dear
As in our days of youth ;
And now that death is drawing near,
Thou art dearer still in truth.

Oh, gently lay thy loving head
Once more upon my breast ;
And do not grieve when I am dead,
Think only of my rest.

The flowers must bloom, the birds all sing,
As sweetly when I'm gone ;
The church bells joyously will ring,
But thou e'en left alone.

Yet sometimes, when sweet eventide
Has cast its solemn gloom,
Bring flowers once more, as to thy bride,
And place them o'er my tomb.

Oh, leave them with a gentle hand
Upon its grassy mound,
And think but of that happy land
Where now I trust I'm bound.

Farewell ! For strength is failing me,
Fast ebbs the tide of life ;
May God, for aye, watch over thee,
Is the last prayer of thy wife !



WEARINESS.

I look not here for joy on earth,
'Tis but to sorrow clinging;
Fain would I leave such false-named mirth,
And list to angels singing.
Long weariness ! oh, bitter grief,
For loved ones now departed !
Sweet days of yore, passed evermore,
To leave me broken-hearted.

In vain I try to bear my cross,
Its weight is sore oppressing ;
But yet I dare not mourn their loss,
And only ask God's blessing.

The days and nights draw sadly on,
My strength seems fast declining ;
With silent pain I sigh in vain
For light no longer shining.

Yet many years may pass away
Before the signal's given
For me to quit this earthly clay,
And find sure rest in Heaven.
"Where is thy sting, oh Death ?" Pray tell
Where is its poison lying ?
Does it show forth the pains of Hell,
Or is there bliss in dying ?

When once the soul hath winged its flight,
Will it find blessed greeting,
And dwell amidst the angels bright,
Where joy is never fleeting ?

Shall all we've lost then meet our gaze,
Pure love in death returning,
On that fair shore, where, evermore,
The lamp of hope is burning?



TIREB.

Disturb him not, let slumber close
Such tired eyes to-night ;
He rests in sweet and calm repose,
Perhaps dreaming visions bright.

Dispel not peace, that e'en may be
Of joy a distant gleam ;
In Heaven perchance he now may see,
Fulfilment of his dream.

But shouldst thou call him back again
From out that quiet sleep,
'Twill only give increase of pain
That God doth from him keep.

Kiss his forehead, gently place
Those curls from off his brow ;
Soon may keenest eyes not trace
The lines that cross it now.

Sweeter than all earthly sleep
Comes calm repose in death ;
And those we love ought not to weep
At its quick fleeting breath.

'Tis hard to watch the dear one fade
We've tended many a day ;
And sad to find the friends we've made
Droop one by one away.

But yet, as earthly flowers bloom
Once more when winter's past,
So all that now lie in their tomb
Shall rise again at last.



Awake him not, the morning sun
May shine upon his brow—
Blest token of his victory won—
And beam with Heavenly glow,

In holy joy let angels' song
Float onwards as they meet
That tired soul, bright realms among,
And guide it to God's feet.

With tender love must memory bring
Fond thoughts of days long past ;
The halo of his life e'er cling
Around us to the last.

BADEN-BADEN.

Strange mixture of earth's fairest things, combined
With evil, in its most attractive dress—
A city, where temptations are entwined
So cunningly, they lose all shamefulness!

Could thy sweet Linden trees reveal the tale
They've heard so oft, of whispered love and woe,
Or some grim oracle the past unveil,—
Enough to chill the bravest heart they'd show.

E'en would they mourn the past, its golden treasures
Gathered and scattered as lightly won ;
Shed tears for folly and all idle pleasures,
That bring remorseful gloom when day is done.

Youth will e'er seek the fairest growing flowers ;
But, finding, casts them all too soon away.
They charm his eyes, amidst the noontide hours ;
Yet lose all fragrant sweetness at the close of day.

Fair Baden ! when Life's records are unrolled,
I fear thy glistening halls will stand revealed,
Stripped of their grandeur, stern and cold,—
In truth, Death's Palace, though by pomp concealed.

How many a victim hast thou sacrificed !
Poor reckless moths, who heeded not the flame ;
But day by day, through glittering gain enticed,
Pursued that luring, but, alas ! too fatal game !

Some, who had been content with moderate share
Of this world's wealth, by thy means sought increase,
To find that all they deemed so passing fair
Was only gained at cost of rest and peace.

A gleam of fortune for a time had shone
O'er those cast down by poverty's despair ;
But all too late,—it could not then atone
For self-respect, now vanish'd into air.

Oft has the silence of sweet summer night
Been broken by a sharp and thrilling sound,
That told each beating heart, at morning light,
A bleeding corpse was stretched upon the ground.

The mind can picture all the dark abyss,
The fierce remembrance of dear ones beloved,
And bygone days of innocence and bliss,
E'er life a burden e'en too great had proved.

All this deep sorrow traced to one fell chance,
Temptation far too strong had gained the day ;
Visions of future wealth did but enhance
The charms set forth by that foul demon—Play !

Blame not, ye men ! who never yet have known
A life embittered by hope long deferred !
Such disappointment might have been your own,
Your fate the same, had you too likewise erred !

Sad though the lesson, still its moral tends
To prove the proverb, e'en so often told,
That whilst great riches man some power lends,
Yet all that glitters is not purest gold.

GOSSIP.

Of faults to which we all are prone,
None cause more endless strife
Than Gossip ; for its use alone
Embitters many a life.

There are some foolish terms of speech,
Regarding friends or foes,
That do a world of harm to each,
And bring on cruel woes.

A Gossip should have ample berth
And be with scorn pass'd by ;
His tales are not of harmless mirth,
But fraught with misery.

He may have heard some piece of news

He longs at once to spread :

Plain facts, for him all savour lose ;

So he'll romance instead.

Thus honest Truth goes to the wall,

And hides her head ashamed,

E'en though she still keeps within call,

If her staunch friends are blamed.

But yet, alas ! she may be late

And find she's unbeliev'd ;

If this be so, 'tis cruel fate

For those who've been deceived.

The happy face that sweetly smiled

May soon look sad, from tears

Caused by Gossips who've reviled

The faults of youthful years.

Some thoughtless action, long since past,
Is brought to light again ;
Or slur on dear loved memory cast,
● Inflicting deepest pain.

And yet these Gossips take good care
Not e'en to mention names ;
They're much too crafty and unfair
To play such fickle games.

They fight beneath a hidden tower,
Where darkness lies around ;
'Tis then their weapons have most power,
They're useless above ground.

Oh ! it were well, if some new laws
Were made for Gossips all,
With most severe and stringent clause,
Affecting great and small.

'Twould be a blessing, e'en if our

Rulers of this nation

Would give such Gossips through their power

Ten years' *transportation* !!

TO MY CHILDREN.

IN MEM. 1878.

My old accustomed New Year's rhyme
 Must find its way to thee,
 As surely as old fleeting Time
 Shall unforgotten be.

Though we from dear ones are apart,
 The spirit yet hath wings ;
 And tender love sown in the heart
 Can pass through worldly things.

Unread my book lies in my hand,
 For thoughts will stray to-night
 To a far distant peaceful land,
 Where all shines ever bright.

Where dwell some spirits, at this hour
Perhaps now in heavenly bliss ;
Maybe some strange magnetic power
Still binds their lives to this.

The last scene of the passing year
Is always fraught with pain ;
And many that were once so dear
Before me rise again.

Leaves have fallen all too fast
From off our parent stem ;
Yet all the years since then gone past
Have ta'en no love from them.

The bells just now commenced to chime,
For future hope in store ;
Twelve strokes have mourned Old Father Time,
Last year gone evermore.

May no temptations have the power
To turn your thoughts from Heaven ;
Be watchful in the present hour,
As if but *one* were given.

You early learned how sorrow comes,
E'en let such warning stay ;
That when you each have different homes,
Peace may be yours alway.

Remember, perfect love and truth
Are never found apart ;
They're natural to early youth,
And purity of heart.

Let not ill-doing ever lead
Your lives to years of shame ;
Avoid one thought of evil deed,
And so escape all blame. 25

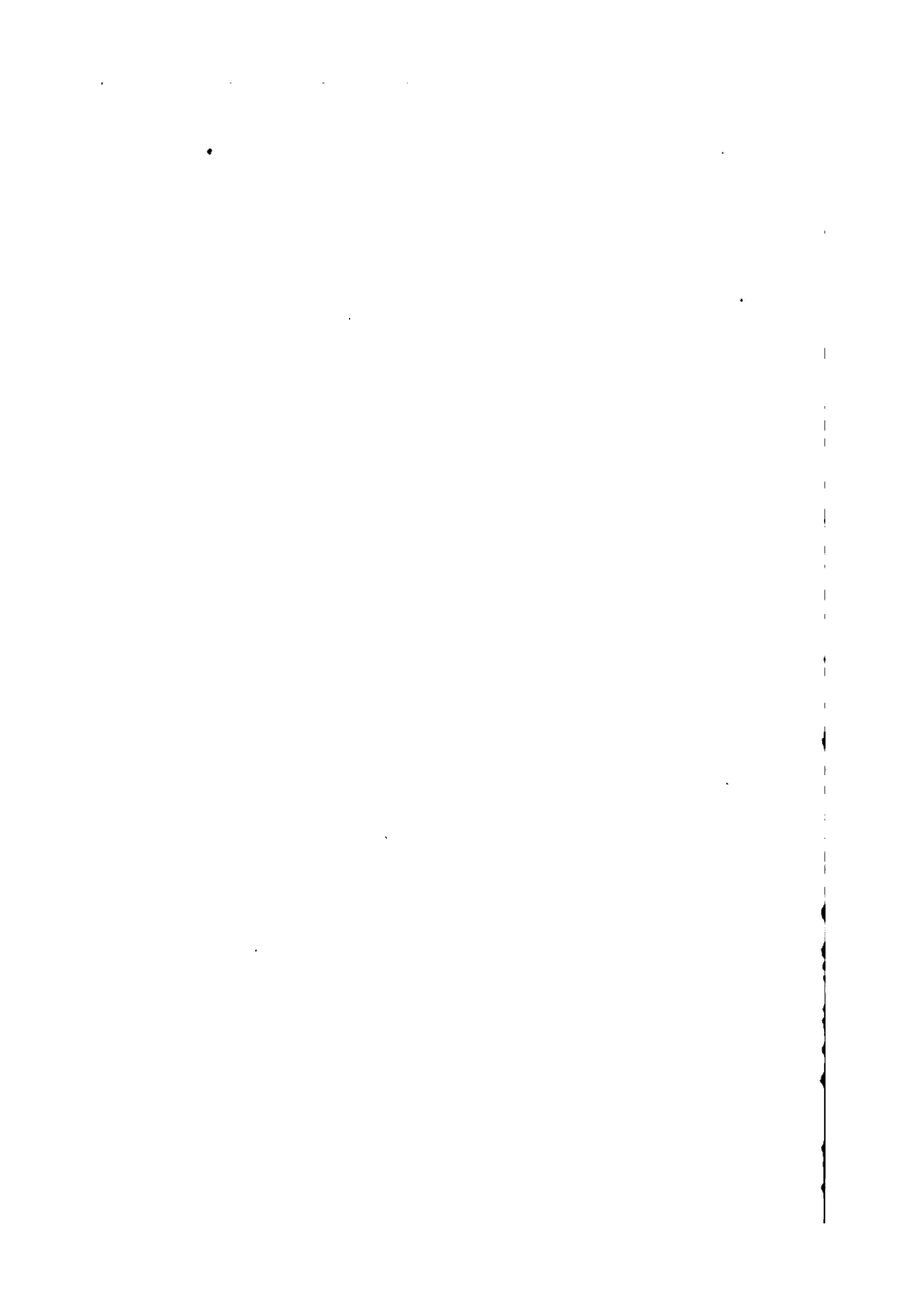
God bless you, my loved children three,

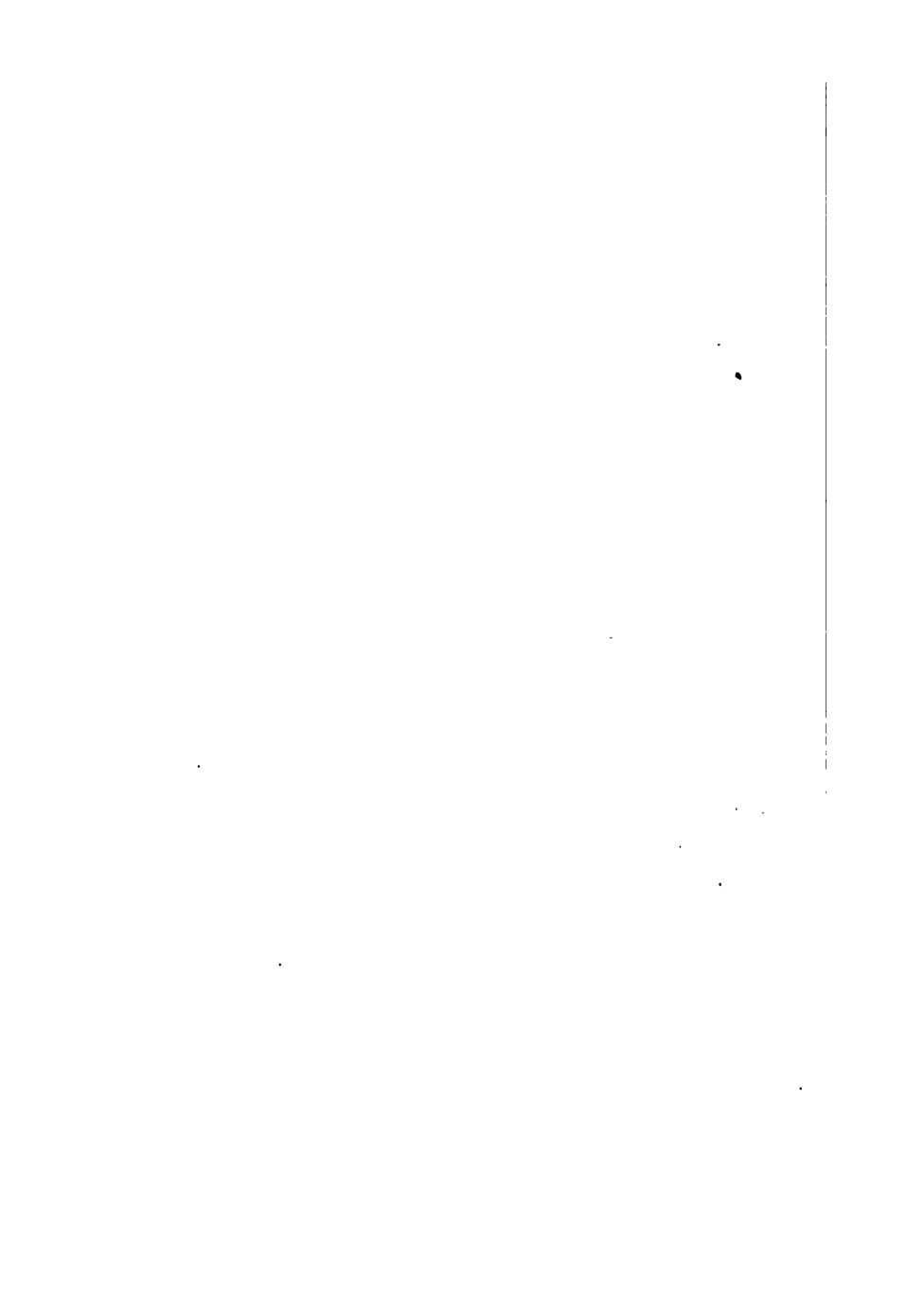
Watch o'er you all to-night ;

And may your footsteps ever be

Through this year led aright !







1



